

THE POWER TO PRAISE

How could I glorify almighty God?
He has a psalmist He anointed king,
Has chroniclers and choirs of angels shod
In fire-heeled sandals, has a star-strung ring
Of sun-robed saints whose holy lyrics bounce
Off planets, carom off magnetic poles
As all of heaven's harmonies announce
His majesty, His omnipresent roles.

I am, poor poet, bound by common words.
No Hopkins, Herbert, Donne, I'm hostage to
Banality in everything I do.
And yet sometimes I'm borne as if by birds;
He lets me soar to make a worthy choice
Of verse-- to honor Him with my small voice.

While struggling with the weight of wooden phrases,
Sometimes insight, beyond my own, amazes,
As when He lends me strong ongoing grace--
The Word that makes a difference in this place.